

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1903

For The Hand of Halleeem.

By Norman Duncan.

THE relief of space and breeze and evening shadow, the repose of sprawling and low, easy chatter—the long, full breath of the day's end—had drawn the swarthy Syrians of Washington street to Battery Park; the band disturbed the solemn night, as a trivial word a funeral-observing the distant, long-drawn whistles and drowning the twitter and rustle in the trees and the restful swish of the waves breaking against the sea wall. Battery place and Whitehall from the old to the urinals thereof, and came frankly eager to hear the babe. Rag time and sentimental ballads—itching soles and a fleeting thought of love—the native young of the tennement to double shuffles and tears, last follow as they tumbled near the band stand, and Washington street moaned afar off in the outlying shadows.

The rough influence of love in hiding shifted young Alois Awad, Amer of the several generation, and Halleeem Khouri, the slave-eyed daughter, to the solitude of the edge of the crowd, and Alois, having glared his eyes with the crimson and gray and gold of the train of the sun, turned as with the courage of impulse and whispered:

"What did Antar say of Abia, his beloved, the daughter of Malik, when his heart was sore? And he thought she must surely hear the complainings of his heart."

"It is known to you, O Alois," she said, with a quick, trustful smile, "therefore, how shall my ignorance fret me? I—I think all things are known to you," she went on, softly, "All things written, anyway; for Khalil Khayat has taught you."

Halleeem bent her head, and the breeze fluttered a tress of black hair out of place to hide the arch light in her eyes.

"This, Antar said," Alois faltered, pushing the tarboosh up from his hot, wet brow, "This, he—Alois' throat suddenly was parched stiff; nor could he form one more word."

"Are the words hard to recall?"

"No-o; the words are well known to me."

Halleeem brushed back the fluttering tress, and the light of her little hand and the bloom on her cheeks gave Alois the swift confidence of infatuation. He pointed to the flaring sky over the Jersey shore.

"These," he went on, "are the words of Antar, spoken of his beloved: 'The sun as it sets turns toward her and says, 'Darkness obscures the land, do thou arise in my absence.' The brilliant moon calls out to her, 'Come forth, for thy face is like me when I am at the full and in all my glory.' The tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and in the eve, and say, 'Way, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel.' She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft fresh cheeks. * * * Graceful in every limb, slender her waist, love beaming on her glances; waving is her form, * * * The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away. * * * Will fortune ever, oh, daughter of Malik, ever bless with thy embrace? That would cure my heart of the sorrows of love.'"

The voice of young Alois had risen from husky strutting to the cadence of rapture. The words were Antar's, spoken, in times long past, on a sandy waste, far away from where the elevated engine snored over the long, empty curve to the South Ferry terminal; but the vibrant anguish and the pleading of the last cry, the eternal passion, were of the pregnant moment. Her heart answered, leaping, yet afraid, as a cub lion, captive, might snuff and whine with its first breath of the jungle.

Ah, she was a daughter of the land, was little Halleeem! It was the first bold word of love she had heard, and it was as though now, suddenly, she had come to the crest of a hill and a fair, broad land, a land of gardens and rivers and shady places—her land, the very riches of her womanhood—was spread at her feet, with a sure path to tread, and a golden vista, leading whither the sun was rising, all rosy. So her heart thrilled, and there was a new, strange pain in it; and she wrung her little hands cruelly, though Alois would have given a year for a kiss of the flushing finger-tips—and she turned her brown eyes to the harbor, where there was nothing to delight in them—though Alois could have wandered lifelong in their depths. For, indeed, she was very much afraid.

"Antar," Alois stammered, perceiving and ready to weep for regret that he had disquieted her, "he—he—was a bold man. Shame to him, if he suffered!"

"He loved her very much."

"Ho!" Alois exclaimed, "His love was very great! Did he not carry her off from the tents of her people, even against the will of her father?"

"Had he so great courage?" Halleeem's breath came fast again. She stared, thus panting, at the unwieldy Annex ferry and its luminous track of foam.

"Ah," Alois sighed, "there is a gentler way, and—"

"Halleeem! Little daughter!"

Salim Khouri, to whom fate came with prosperity, had waddled within hearing distance; and his was the asthmatic call. He came up puffing, but smiling, a broad, indulgent smile. "Little Star," he said in the dialect, taking one of Halleeem's thick braids in his chubby hand to fondle it, "now, ain't she a little star, Alois? Ha-a-a-a!" His eyes twinkled with affection for her. He money his arm to the high rail back at her back, and she sank against his comfortable breast, and from this safe, familiar place, flashed an inscrutable smile to Alois.

Now Alois reproached himself for having blurted out his passion in the ear of his beloved's well-beloved, after the rough western fashion, and so shamed; and he in his own sight that soon he could bear to sit no longer with Halleeem and her father. So he said a rushing, shame-faced good-night and went away; and, wandering without aim, he came to the place where the fire boat lay purring in her dock. This was a quiet place, shaded by the Aquarium from the noise of the band. He sat down where there was a view of the darkening harbor—the shadows were then closing round the statue of Liberty—and, as he thought dreamily of his own beloved, the words of Antar, spoken in ecstasy, hurried crowding through his thoughts, weaving themselves with them, for they had been in his mind many days. Again, and yet again he said the words, and the high cry, swelling from his heart, made his soul to tingle. His eyes were suffused with tears; he looked up, and it was as though a holy light, falling through wide, glowing clouds, drew his things into shadow, and when the heaving, silmy water, his feet took form again he was not so sad as he had been.

Elsewhere in that crowded, dusky park Jimmy Brady was looking, sharp-eyed, for his LIT Peach. Affecting a loud merriment to deceive his heart into quieter beating, he pried through the crowd around the band stand, searched the benches near the Bargy Office, threaded his way through the moving, chattering throng on the broad promenade near the sea wall, and traversed swiftly the quiet interior walks. Though tempted by the invitation in many a sweet, bright eye, he suspended his quest only to cuff a bullying urchin and caress the dirtier bullied one.

Thus, while Alois Awad gazed out over the darkened harbor, young Jimmy Brady—in the pride of his job at Swartz & Rattery's in the glory of his white duck trousers and rolled gold jewelry and natty new red tie, in the hope of his merry, sanguine temperament, searched persistently for Halleeem, the slave-eyed, his LIT Peach, to tell her that he loved her.

This was Jimmy of the snapping eye and gentle heart and broad shoulders and ready tears and quick right fist and laughing rejoinder and springy step and bulging purpose and strengthened pull of the Lord, he had words enough! It is the kiss and the hug—the heart—when it comes to live. The girls of the tenements would be better off if their steadies were all like him.

"Ho! Meester Brady. Good evenin', sir," said Khouri, the merchant, when Jimmy came beaming to where he sat with Halleeem; and the Little Star looked shyly and nestled closer to her father's breast that might conceal the confusion that strangely overcame her always when Jimmy Brady came suddenly into view.

"Wake 'er up! Say, wake 'er up!" Jimmy jerked out; and then he burst into a loud laugh. "Say, she's in a trance."

"She sees seek 'er," Khouri answered in concern, scratching his head.

"Aw, I'm on'y stringin' y'u," Jimmy said quickly. "Ain't y'u on'y?" He looked at the old man in sly amusement, which Halleeem's light litter fired into a laugh; then he caught Halleeem by the arm and drew her insistently, gently, to her feet and held her there. "Aw, come on," he went on; and the wheedling tone was tinged with a certain masterfulness that sounded sweet in Halleeem's ears and drew a swift, confident glance to his face. "It's the time we walk. Aint that right?"

"Meester Brady—yes," she answered, softly, "I go weeth you."

"Ho! Khouri," exclaimed, looking off down the walk. "My friend," Meester Khayat, he come, I see

heem. He have somethin' to say. Ver-ee important. Ho, ho! Take her weeth you, Meester Brady. Take her, sure, eet ees the Land of Liberty!"

Young Jimmy, in the silence of deepest suspense, led his LIT Peach to a deserted bench, over which a kindly spreading bush cast a seclusive shadow; and there they sat down, having spoken not one single word on the way. Halleeem gave him many an observant side glance in the meek, covert way her people know; and now as his lithe strength and bold, eager face impressed her young heart anew, it flashed over her, ecstatically, that this was Antar, born again, and she, Abia, his beloved, whom he had carried off in the night triumphantly, even against the spears of his enemies; and she closed her eyes and wished that the green bench and the flagstones and the salty breeze and the swinging, glaring arc lamp and all the chatter might be changed, magically, as of old, into a swift, courting steed and the sands of the desert and the free, hot breath of the night and a million twinkling stars and the cries of pursuing ene-

my stands up solemnly and the court room is hushed. "Ah," she sighed, shaking her head, "I do not know yet."

"Can't y'u hear 'em sing?" he plainted. "Ain't y'u got no ears? Y'u're it, I tell y'u. Y'u're—y'u're her."

The song came out of the distance again, blurred by the wind.

"Hear it?" said Jimmy, raising his hand. Halleeem prettily cocked her ear and listened. The heart of Jimmy was going like a piston rod and he was gulping to keep his throat moist and fit.

Just one girl, only just one girl; There are others, I know, but they're not my pearl. Just one girl, only just one girl; I'd be happy forever with just one girl.

"Ain't y'u on?" Jimmy asked in a drawn, hollow whisper. "Ain't it penetrated yet?" His honest heart

was near to bursting. He hitched closer and looked not look, and had she looked she would have seen tears in his eyes.

"It's all right," he went on doggedly. Don't cry, I ain't goin' to say any more. I'm done, I tell y'u. Y'u'll git a better man 'n me, it's all right. There ain't no kick comin' here—hush, there ain't. Stop it!" he cried, in agony. "Y'u're breakin' me heart. I didn't mean t' make y'u cry. I'm takin' me punishment all right." He pulled her hand away from her eyes, and through her tears she smiled at him. "That's all right, it's girl," he crooned. "Y'u won't be bothered wit' me any more. I'm hurt," he moaned, "oh, I'm hurt awful; but it's all right. You'll git a better man. Come on home now, it's girl. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt y'u. I know w'en I'm licked."

He left her at the door of her father's house, and she watched him swing down Rector street to West, whistling bravely as he went; and she went upstairs very solemn; and she asked her heart many times

depths of his eyes! What would he venture? Her purpose weakened; she hesitated; she pressed on. Ha! she thought, clinching her little fists, she would dare him to try to carry her off! She pulled the blouse into snuff at about her waist, and pressed the massive silver comb into place in her willful hair, and touched the ribbon at her throat—pressing on all the while to Battery Park.

"But my dear," he said, "Eet ees the country of liberty. She thought, and I marry quick he say. 'Oh, Leetle Star, w'y you not tell of father? Leetle Star—naughty Leetle Star. You marry? Shame—not tell of father? Then I cry—I mus' cry. I feel so bad—'an' he say, 'Sh-h, Leetle Star. You happy?' An' I say, 'Yes, I love heem.' An' he say, 'O my! I hug you. He good man,' he say. 'I know heem. Come, I hug you.' An' he hug me, an' he—he—anger no more."

In the evening of that day Khalil Khayat sat with Alois Awad, the Light of his Eyes, in the back room of the coffee house of Nagah, Flani, which is on Washington street, not far up from Battery Park, and may be found any day. They were waiting for the time to come when Khalil Khayat should go to the house of Salim Khouri, the merchant, to hear the answer of Halleeem, his daughter; and they were smoking heavily, silently.

Alois Awad trembled in his chair, and drew swift sighs, and sought distraction in the jumbled pattern of the wall paper and the voices in the outer room, and consumed a hundred matches to keep his cigarettes alight, and was vacant and flushed by turns. Two dreams fought for place in his mind; and he would harbor neither, the one for that he would not dread it, the other for that he dared not entertain it.

"It is near time," said the old man at length. "I shall start now for the house of Salim Khouri for the answer of little Halleeem to the Light of my Eyes."

Khayat sat still in his chair, for Jimmy Brady came swiftly through the outer room, crying buoyantly, "Hello, Flani! Lord, ain't it hot! Ain't old man Khayat here?" His heartiness was infectious; all the men laughed sympathetically as he passed by. He burst into the little back room. His chest was swelling, his head was thrown back, his eyes were shining, his breath as though all air were pure and bracing; his hat was on the side of his head—fairly over the ear, jaunty, saucy; his cigar was in the corner of his mouth and at the political angle; his eyes were flashing, he slapped Alois on the back—a resounding thwack, that made the Syrian wince.

"Much 'bliged," said Alois, delightedly. "You welcome. Sit down. You happy, eh?"

Old Khayat rose courteously and drew out a chair. "Be seated, Meester Brady," he said. "Toshi, Toshi!" he called. "One cup coffee—one more, for Meester Brady. How ees your health today, sir? Eet ees very warm, ees eet not?" There was a twinkle in Khayat's eyes; young Jimmy Brady was acceptable in his host.

"Say, I'm—I'm married," Jimmy blurted, grinning radiantly. His voice was shrill and shaking; such was the measure of his happiness. "Hear me? I'm married. I got a IP' wife, an' she loves me—loves me, she loves a liar. Ha, ha, ha!" He laughed abruptly, vacantly; then he gasped, happily, and continued, as in a burst of confidence: "It's this way, Mister Khayat—I run away wit' the girl, an' the old man ain't on yet. Now, I ain't crawlin' meself, but me nerves is all right; I want somethin' to square it. Understand? Somebody t' square it—break it easy—let the old man down light. Understand? It's sudden, but it's all right; there won't be any tearin' done. The man I want is you, Understand? He knows y'u, an' y'u say goes wit' him. Just break it, I tell you! All y'u got t' do is—tell him. Now!"

Khayat was laughing; and Alois, now peculiarly responsive to the mood of the young lover, was smiling. Such, then, was the joy of love! Ah, that he might know it!

"You have not told me the name of the young lady," Khayat interrupted, sobering. "Who ees the dear lady? Can eet be that she ees a Syrian?"

"She's a dago, all right—the prettiest IP' dago y'u ever see," Jimmy rattled, with rising emotion. "She's all right. Her—her heart, it's all right, too! She—she—loves me." Jimmy stretched out his hands and lifted up his rapt face, and continued, inspired to describe the graces of his beloved: "She loves me, say, her eyes—my Gawd!—her IP' hands—her hair—say, I'm foolish—touched. Are y'u on? Soft, I am—nutt! I ain't right in me head any more. It's her eyes—her IP' hands—her—"

"Ah," said Khayat, gently, "but you have not told me her dear name. How can I have help you, eef I?"

"Halleeem Khouri's her name," said Jimmy; "an', she's a beaut. Say, I'm foolish. Her eyes is brown, an' her hair is black—"

"The muscles of Khalil Khayat's face stiffened in their emotion; but the light of interest in his eyes expired, and it was full in them thereafter. His heart faltered—stopped—beat on again, with slowly lessening pain. Here a muscle in his face relaxed; there another. Muscle, a fit, muscle weakened and gave; soon his eyes—his eyes—her IP' hands—her hair—say, I'm foolish—touched. Are y'u on? Soft, I am—nutt! I ain't right in me head any more. It's her eyes—her IP' hands—her—"

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Alois would have fallen, strengthless, over the table had he not caught the edge and stiffened his arms.

mies. As for Jimmy, he wondered at his fading courage.

"Meester Brady," Halleeem said at last, poking fun at him in a sly way, "you have say we walk. You forgot. Eet ees fun-ee."

"Eh!" Jimmy ejaculated; then staring abstraction took hold of him again.

The distant band struck up a swinging music hall song—about the Only Girl—then ran riot in men's ears. The music and the voices of the people, singing, came, mellowed and undulant, through the space between.

"You're it!" Jimmy burst out explosively; he turned to her, but stopped dead, shivering.

"It? Wat ees—ett?" she asked, pursing her lips.

"Her! Y'u're her! Long y'u're slow!" Jimmy's voice would have savored of disgust had it not been saturated with a deeper emotion.

"Hair?"

"The On'y One—me Honey." Jimmy had the anxious face of a man on trial, when the foreman of the

down into her eyes, craving the light of love. "Y'u're it—me honey—me sweet thing!" Did he, after all, have words enough? He went on desperately, plunging to the end. "Follo' me? Can't y'u see? Me honey—the on'y one—me peach!"

There was no responsive light in Halleeem's eyes—only a wondering shadow. His passion disclosed itself slowly. The shameful, effeminate words were forced out of his throat at last; but he gulped long before he would give them utterance.

"I love y'u!" he cried tremulously, stretching his arms out. "Hell! I love y'u!"

Then he took her hand and waited for a sign; and he was white and groggy, and he knew it.

Halleeem put her handkerchief to her eyes and cried quietly; but she left her little hand lying inclosed in Jimmy Brady's great, thrilling palms.

"Drop it! Stop it!" Jimmy exclaimed impulsively, his own lips twitching; for he thought he had his sign. "Don't y'u cry any more, it's girl! I ain't got no kick comin'. I take me punishment like a man. Look at me. Cast yer orb on me face."

that night whether she was sad or happy, but her heart was silent.

Now, when on the next morning Salim Khouri, the merchant, portentously solemn, sat himself down in his great chair, waiting for his narghile to be made ready—for it was Sunday—and told her, while she filled the bowl and blew the charcoal into a glow and handed him the long tube, that Khalil Khayat had made offer for her hand for young Alois Awad, Amer of the seventh generation, the Light of his Eyes, Halleeem, knew whom she loved. Then, indeed, she knew that she loved Jimmy Brady, and she thought there was no man to compare with him in strength and beauty and courage; but she said, blushing, that she would have her answer ready when Khalil Khayat should call in the evening, and went out with a numb heart to tell the beloved of her heart that indeed he must love her no more, for she was a dutiful daughter.

But why should she tell Jimmy Brady this? Ah, for the touch of his hand again! What was the courage of the new Antar? She would risk herself in the

MODERN FABLES.

By George Ade.

The Modern Fable of the Willing Collegian Who Was Hunting for a Foothold.

ONCE there was a Young Man with a College Education, an assortment of Cravats and about \$8 in Reef Money, who was anxiously looking for his Life Work.

He wanted to break into a Learned Profession so that he could wear his Good Clothes all of the Time

and get the Coin without working too hard for it. His Idea of a dignified Snap was to sit in a small Office about three hours every Day and have the Public come in and pass Money to him. The Medical Game struck him as being about the softest Proposition of all.

He thought that all Doc had to do was to lead

over, ask a few Questions, tell him to stop Smoking, and then tap him for a V.

So the hopeful Graduate went to the old Family Physician for a few Tips.

The antique Medicine Man threw a Back-Twister when he heard of the Boy's Intentions.

"Anyone who tackles the Aesculapian Staff is a vitrified Mutt," said his Whiskers. "If you must earn

your living, be a Porch Climber or a Short Change Man. We now have in this Country four Medical Degrees to every case of Tonsillitis. Most of us are kept so close to the Carpet that we have to buy last

"What is my love?" answered Alois Awad, Amer of the seventh generation, in the purest speech of his people, and his eyes were shining and his voice was clear and sure, as of a prophet of high calling. "Is it a thirst that cries for quenching? Rather is it a water freely given to a parched throat. Is it a consuming flame, to turn to ashes the joy of my beloved? Rather is it a fire kindled in a wintry place, burning brightly in the night, that sets my back in its heat and dream of sunlit places. Is it the night, harboring the frightful shapes of darkness? Rather is it the twilight, and the stammer-song of the wilderness. Is it a tempest, to stir deeper waves to engulf the ship of her haplessness? Rather is it a favoring breeze, to speed her into port. Is it a winged arrow, the arrow of my bow, straight aimed in the cunning of my eye, flying swiftly, seeking out her fair breast to tear it? Oh, the cruel song of the arrow; and again, and yet again, oh, the cruel song of the arrow! Nay! Rather is it a shield for my beloved—a shield encompassing her, a shield of tried steel—my shield, defending her against the arrows of sorrow."

"The Light of my Eyes!" Khalil Khayat murmured rapturously, clinging to his finger tips. "The Light of my Eyes!" He looked long in the young man's face, and he pulled his gray mustache tremulously and drew long, deep breaths through his expanded nostrils, like a man lifted out of himself by the courage of a champion. "I know the meaning, Light of my Eyes!"

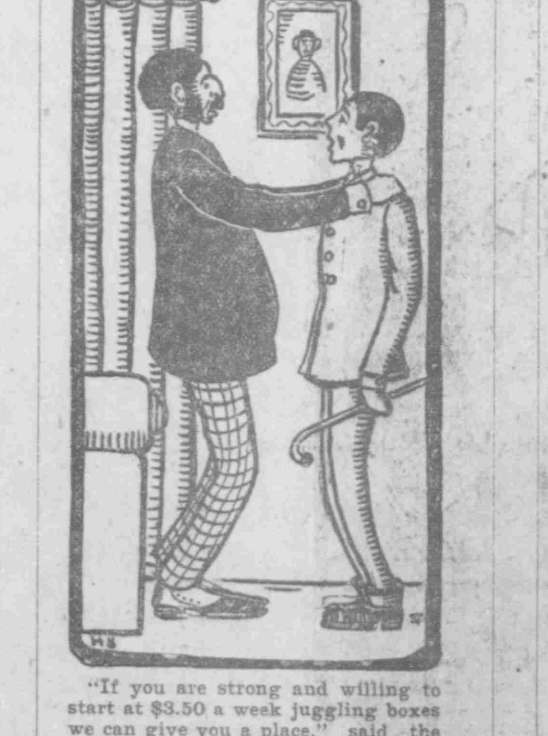
"What's this?" Jimmy demanded, dazed. "Somebody's hurt—I—I—do know. Aint somebody hurt?"

"I feel go weeth you," said Khayat, rising steadily. His dark face was then emotionless. He looked absently for his hat—under the table, on the books, on the chairs, and he flushed when he found it on his head. "Come!" he continued. "Salim Khouri, escapes a friend! My words they have power with heem. He have respect for me. He weel forgive me. Let me say et ees well, and all weel be well. She weep, have you say. Little Halleeem weep to go home! Let us have hurry. She weel be forgivee. Wat I say, Khouri he weel do."

Not turning to look at Alois Awad, the Light of his Eyes, Khalil Khayat went out. His old rusty hat was on the back of his head, pulled down to its ears! He was staring absently straight before him. Was it a smile on his face? Was it the shadow of pain? Was it a smile touched with regret? Men wondered as he passed along with Jimmy Brady, and they turned to look again, but they could not tell whether or not it was well with Khalil Khayat that day.



The antique medicine man threw a back twister when he heard of the boys' intentions.



If you are strong and willing to start at \$3.50 a week juggling boxes we can give you a place," said the high guy of the manufacturing establishment.



If you can dispense with eating for fifteen years, join our noble profession," said Judge Caveat.

may's Magazines to put in the Waiting Room. If a Patient dies, all of his Friends say that you helped to push him off, so they undermine your Practice and begin to plug for Christian Science. If he gets well, he gives you the Laugh and you have to go after him with a Constable. If you acquire a Reputation, they

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